"MUCH IN LITTLE"

Greeting

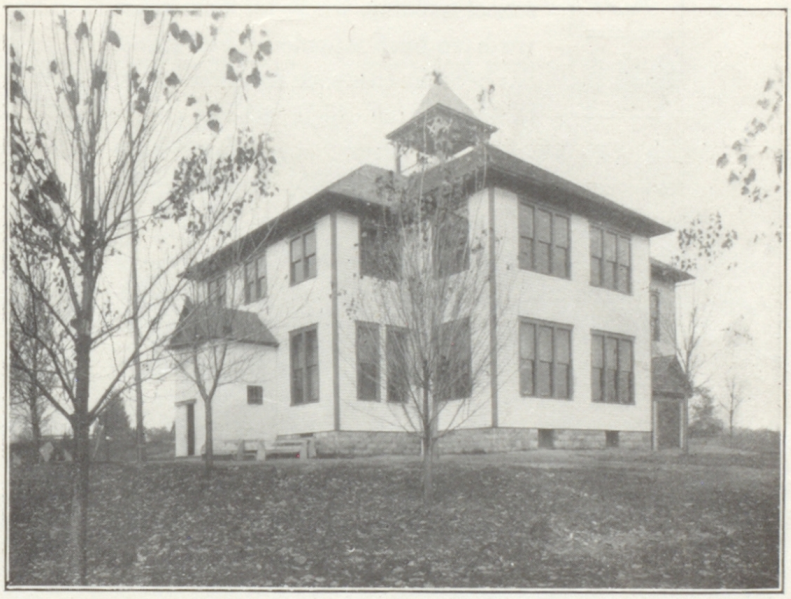
SENIOR CLASS

Comstock High School

COMSTOCK, MICHIGAN

1909

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO OUR PARENTS, WHO HAVE SO PATIENTLY AND LOVINGLY BROUGHT US TO THIS POSITION IN LIFE, AND TO ALL FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF OUR SCHOOL, INCLUDING OUR HONORED ALUMNI.



Comstock School

OUR SCHOOL

ON the previous page is a picture of our school building, where for three years we have been schooled. The school has been in existence for three years, having a full high school course only two years. The district comprises about seventeen sections of land and contains about twelve hundred people. The school census contains two hundred and ninety-seven persons and the attendance at present is more than two hundred and thirty. In 1906 and 1907, the attendance was one hundred and forty-four, and four teachers were employed. In the year 1907 to 1908, the attendance had increased to one hundred and eighty-nine, six teachers being employed, and the present year another teacher was added to take care of the increase in work. Courses are offered in science, language, manual training, art, music, nature study, and domestic art. Much credit is due the patrons and friends of the school for the hearty co-operation in maintaining the Comstock Public Schools.

...PARSON'S...

Business College

is the School to attend if you wish to secure a good
PAYING POSITION.

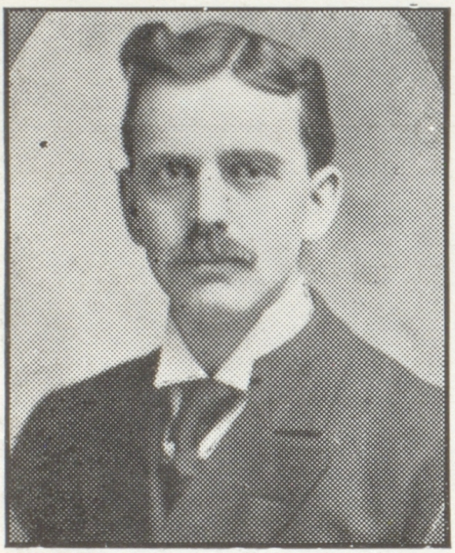


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OPEN ALL SUMMER!

Call at the College for Particulars or Send for Catalog.

..Summer is Here..



MEN!

It is time to brighten up your appearance with a

New Suit,
Hat, Shirt,
Gloves, Necktie,
Belts, Socks,
Pants, Underwear

Or anything you need to wear.

We Have Them all and we can save you money

It is useless for us to tell you this if you don't come and give us a chance to prove it.

You are welcome whether you buy or not.

Pretty, Stylish Suits

Made to your own measure and guaranteed to fit,

—AT—

$15.00, $16.50, $18.00, $20.00 and up to $35.00.

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CHARLES E. GRAY

106 Portage Street

At the Sign of the Big Hat **KALAMAZOO**



The Senior Class '09

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Ethel B. Frie — Glenn A. Woodhouse

T. Gladys Foley — Merle J. Campbell

Nina M. Wright — Raymond W. Stowell

CLASS OFFICERS

Ethel B. Frie, President

T. Gladys Foley, Vice-President

Nina M. Wright, Treasurer

Raymond W. Stowell, Secretary

Class Motto:—"Not for school, but for life we learn"

Class Colors:—Red and White

Class Flower:—Red Rose Bud

J. R. Jones' Sons & Co.

'TIS NOT FAR TO

COMMENCEMENT

How difficult a matter it is to decide what to wear during commencement week! You should stop at nothing short of the beautiful materials in white and colors we are now showing.

Dainty, Crisp, French Mousselines and Lawns,
Linens, Batistes, Persian Lawns,
Hand Woven Bastistes,
Etc., Etc.
FOR GRADUATION DRESSES.

French Crepes, Irish Dimities, Prints, Bastistes,
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FOR CLASS DAY DRESSES.

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We have them in all styles and leathers from $1.50 to $4.00.

Great Values in Boys', Misses' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords

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HAND TAILORED CLOTHES

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

Calls from Village or Country Promptly Attended.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

March - - - - Hazel I. Sevey

Invocation - - - Rev. Robert Cornell

Chorus—"In the harbor we've been sheltered" High School

Salutatory—"What Next" - - Gladys Foley

Presidents' Address—"Prophecy" - Ethel Frie

Group of Vocal Solos { (a) "The Rosary" (b) "In the Twilight Glow" (c) "Widow Malone" } E. Alfred Shewell

Address to Juniors - - - Raymond Stowell

Junior Response - - Lucile Simmons

Violin Solo - - - Clell Peer

Oration - - - Merle Campbell

Class Poem - - - Nina M. Wright

Valedictory - - - Glenn A. Woodhouse

Presentation of Diplomas - - A. M. Nutten

Chorus—"Away to the Fields" - - High School

BENEDICTION

SALUTATORY

"WHAT NEXT?"

Each of us has spent twelve years of our lives in gaining knowledge, strength, and education, which but partly prepares us for service and society.

At this turn of the road we stop our busy life and wonder, What Next? There are two ways spread out for our consideration, an equation to be solved in which the unknown quantity is the amount of success and happiness to be had from life's activities.

The question may be stated thus: Shall we continue our schooling and get a more thorough training for the great responsibilities of life or shall we venture into the world with our present training, and trust to experience for the results? Yes, the question surely is—"What next?"

To-night we finish one of the groups of life's lessons and if we have been made stronger and our training has been such as to render us better able to answer the question "What next?" then our labors have not been in vain.

But, if now, we are too weak to decide the course to pursue then we must surely have to say our time has not been spent to the very best of advantage.

How much life's situation depends upon our past experiences, at the present time, we cannot begin to tell, or just how fierce are going to be the strifes into which we must mingle, or how deep and far reaching shall be our distresses and troubles, and we do not know to what tasks we shall be called; neither can we fathom the mysteries of our Maker and know just when He intends to have this "mortal coil" shuffled off. Did we but know, then we might decide which of the many courses to pursue.

Very wisely have all the scenes of our future been shut out from our mortal eyes. So, no matter whether the good Lord wishes us for places of high or low estate, it behooves us to prepare for life in the best, broadest and most approved manner.

The only way to prepare is to keep on trying to learn and train.

During our school life we have had to work, especially during the last four years,—but there has been pleasure in our work. If we acquire more education, we know that we shall work earnestly when we think of the success it will bring. Each minute teaches us more about living;

"Time flies apace—
In ceaseless race, man hurries to the tomb;
In bliss or woe ere long to know
His everlasting doom."

"Let then thy hearts,
Whoever you are to Wisdom's voice incline.
Use well this hour when it's in your power,
The next may not be thine."

Success in future life first means earnestness, steadiness, and thoughtfulness in every round of the ladder which we climb. Many are discouraged before they reach the top. Oh, Life, thou hast no dream so fair as that which reaches over the sea, from the lands beyond where dreamings are merged into reality! Though we frail children, chase always thy fatal shadows in our track, and into the darkest gloom may stray, when hearts grow faint with strife and death, and pine like some wearied bird, eternal things bring hope and faith by which the deepest fonts are stirred; and folding back the wild unrest, Life's useless tumult, toil and care, all ills by which we are oppressed, we trust in Heaven, our hope is there.

Ours are only youthful hopes, which in life's gay morn, adorn the animating views. There are no storms with gloomy aspect prevailing, to cloud the azure of the sky. Enraptured with the distant view youth thinks its fictitious beauties true, and springs to gain the prize. The path of life though often adorned wth flowers, is often filled with thorns; yet hope's sweet star may light with a radiance clear and bright; one by one our dreams will fade as the clouds in the morning reflect the brightness of the sun.

Our hopes for success and training for hardships have been aided by the citizens of Comstock, and the surrounding community. At this school we have met with friends so dear, who will never be forgotten.

Teachers, you who have been so patient with us; parents, you who have taken such deep interest; school-board, you who have so generously equipped us, and friends, you who have been so sincere and faithful, as to-night, we, the Class of '09 look upon your presence with appreciation, and thank you one and all for the interest and consideration you have extended to us, and bid you a most hearty welcome.

T. GLADYS FOLEY.



HARLOW'S
Sporting Goods Store
111 South Rose Street
Athletic Supplies of Every Description
BICYCLES,
CAMERAS,
Guns and Ammunition.

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ASK BRIGGS

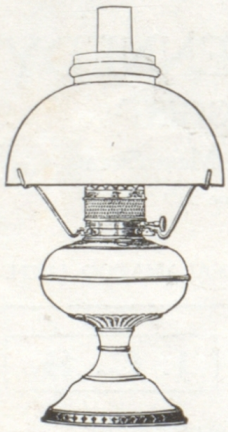
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CHINA, LAMPS, CROCKERY,
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TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS, ETC., ETC.

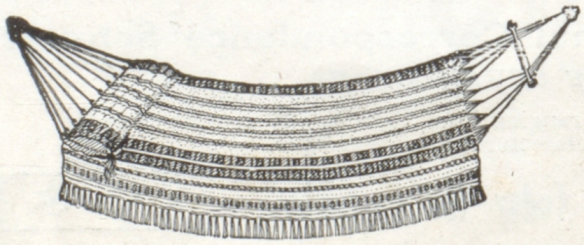


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This famous Rayo Lamp, complete..... $1.75

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Kalamazoo



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THE FACULTY

Principal—A. M. Nutten

1st Assistant Principal—Carmelita Barton

2nd Ass't Prin. and 8th Grade—Hazel I. Sevey

Grammar Room—Florence Nutten

Sixth Grade—Mabel E. Woodhouse

Second Primary—Mrs. Eula Mason

Primary—M. Delia Lamphier

Music—Miss Sevey

Manual Training—Mr. Nutten

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Hardware and
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The best lines are sold by

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Caldwell Lawn Mowers,
Lawn Hose, Rakes,
Shears, Sprinklers, Etc.

Gasoline Stoves and Oil Stoves

IN ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

The Leonard Refrigerators

Made at Grand Rapids, are the best.

SCREEN DOORS AND WINDOWS

We are the FURNACE MEN, also.

Come and see us.

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F. W. HINRICHS

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Diamonds, Watches, Chains, Lockets, Rings,
Solid Silver, Cut Glass, Clocks, Etc., Etc.

117 South Burdick St. KALAMAZOO

ADDRESS TO THE JUNIORS

Friends, Teachers, and Juniors:

The honor bestowed upon me in having the opportunity to start the pleasing custom of saying a few words of farewell to our esteemed fellow-pupils, the Juniors, especially, is highly appreciated.

I think all of us find some displeasure in having old Father Time push us up through the happy years at so rapid a pace and I am sure you will find it so, when one short year has rolled around and one of you chosen to talk on the leave-talking of your kind and helpful schoolmates.

The past rises before me as in a dream. Once more I see the hurry of commencement day everywhere just as it was one year ago. It is a pleasure to think that we have successfully completed our High School course, and that to-night we are to graduate, with considerable satisfaction to ourselves. But we do not leave the old school-house without a feeling of regret, and with that I think there will be a feeling of lonesomeness; at least when we return in after years, and see others in the back seats, which as you all know, were formerly occupied by the class of naught-nine.

Although we have made rapid progress in our school work this year, we are confident that we might have done better if we had received a few pointers from the class of naught-eight, so to help in keeping our school up to the high standard for which it is noted, and on account of our possession of so much knowledge, we think it only fair and reasonable; therefore we deem it wise to give you a few instructions which we trust you will follow cheerfully and very carefully.

We admonish you never to let base-ball or tennis interfere in any way with your studies; always be dignified, for the lower classes, especially the Freshmen, will look up to you and follow the example set before them, whether good, bad or indifferent; do not chew gum, eat candy, or throw paper-wads in

school, unless necessary, and then be sure the teachers do not see you, and make your future greatness fade in an hour.

Please remember, Seniors are always expected to have their lessons, so when you get to be experienced chemists, and the instructor asks you to write a formula, give the valance, or make the test for some substance, don't sit there as if you were a mere wooden man, but get upon your feet in an instant, and at the rate of not more than a hundred words a minute, make the members of the class think that you know so much more about it than they do that there will not be any use of their trying to tell anything about it, therefore you will get the highest mark, for making a bluff is better any time than not trying at all.

Be sure the H. S. generator is never turned on **accidentally**. Be **very** cautious about this.

Never get careless and break test-tubes and glassware in the laboratory.

I have said a few words in a joking way, but now to be serious. It is the desire of your whole class that you enjoy all the blessing which this grand old world holds in store for you, her children, I also wish to establish the custom of leaving some little article as a token of our resepct and confidence; therefore, I present to you this key, which having been touched by a magic wand, will unlock to you all the compartments in the great storehouse of joys which the world provides.

You have simply to walk boldly, and in the light of your conscience, and apply the key. This key will open any of the many chambers of the great storehouse, or it will open all at a time.

Now we hope you will use this key, and especially take long, deep draughts of the nectar brewed for your comfort. Contentment and pleasure are among the choicest, and in the chambers of industry and truth will be found full directions for attaining them, and your cup shall be running over with pleasure.

In the great portals of the world's wisdom with its chambers deep and broad, you will find much to satisfy. Its massive doors will swing back at your bidding, and all the world's pro-

found knowledge will be opened to you. Go to this fount every day, even when the sunset lingers on the hillside of your life, and fringes the landscape with the glowing beauty of the great Beyond; go, and be happy in learning the way of life.

In the inner recesses you will find a flame which we beg of you to keep glowing brightly. 'Tis the flame of memory. Keep it burning brightly for the class of naught-nine.

Sometime the fire may smoulder low, but we beg you to fan it into a bright glow, and as you sit in your councils think of us who wish you well.

RAYMOND W. STOWELL



M. D. ELLIS HAS **A Complete Line of Jewelry**

in patterns and styles, both new and dainty,
at prices that are reasonable and right.

Watches, Clocks, Rings, Bracelets, Chains, Fobs, Stickpins, Broaches, Cuff Buttons, Hatpins, and Silverware in Sterling and Plated Pieces.

ALL GOODS SOLD, ENGRAVED FREE!
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THE LIVE
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Physician and Surgeon
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Office—Pearl Street, first house north of Postoffice.
Office Hours—10:30 to 11:30 a. m.; 1:00 to 3:00 p. m. and 6:00 to 8:00 p. m.
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COAL AND LUMBER
All Building Material
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The Model Grocery
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Best Goods Lowest Prices

When You Want GOOD FLOUR
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GO TO
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The Alumni

THE ALUMNI

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Vice-President—Mabel Woodhouse

Secretary—Phebe Nutten

Treasurer—Raymond Warren

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Mabel Woodhouse

Gleason Allen

Rose Cretsinger

Leon Miller

Phebe Nutten

Raymond Warren

Ethel Pease

Gilmore Brothers

Kalamazoo's Busiest and Best Store, and the Most Satisfactory Place to Shop.

A store filled with merchandise of merit, with new stocks of broadest variety, with selections of clever styles, that are not surpassed by any in the state.

The preparations for the present season outclass in many respects those of any former year, a fact easily verified by a visit to this splendid establishment.

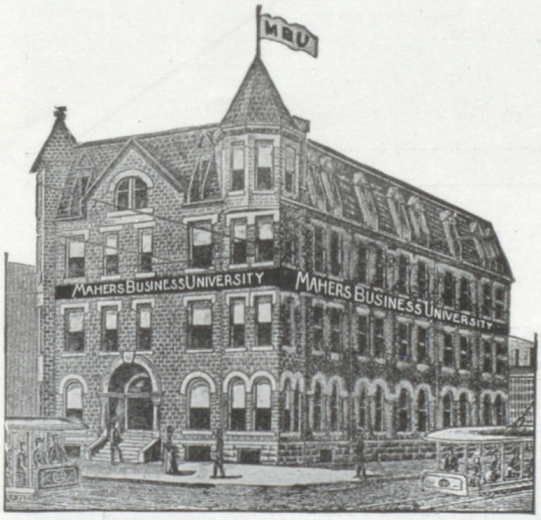
The lines represented today, in each of which you'll find unmatchable assortments, are:

The handsome Dress Goods and Rich Silks.
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The Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear.
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All combine to make GILMORE'S by great odds the best place in Kalamazoo to do your shopping.

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Class of '10

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Rex Nutten

Yelta Blue

Leslie Kent

Earl Chenery

RESPONSE TO THE SENIORS

Seniors of the class of 1909 we realize how industriously you have pursued your course of learning during your high school career and, we ever faithful Juniors, with sincerest wishes for your good fortune, watch you step forth into the world of hardships and successes. We, your successors, observing how successfully you have completed your course, accept with all seriousness, your kind instruction, which we deem worthy of our emulation. Although as yet we are not equipped with as fluent a vocabulary as doubtless you possess but we will earnestly strive to master that degree of excellence which you have acquired.

The key you have presented to us will be very acceptable, for, as it has opened the way clear for you, it will doubtless, with proper management, serve the same purpose for us. It will be very precious to us during the coming year. One great treasure we hope it will unlock to us, that treasure is the love and devotion of kind and true hearts that beat in the breasts of parents, teachers and friends, and there are none more worthy to be placed in this class than you, dear seniors.

It is not without some misgivings that we realize what will be expected of us next year when we return to school and occupy the row of empty seats, those seats of honor. But we will faithfully and earnestly endeavor to promote the general feeling of respect for our worthy school which you have helped to command. Then we may, as you, leave many pleasant thoughts and memories clinging about the banner of the brown and gold.

A. LUCILE SIMMONS.



Comstock Falls

CORN CONTEST

For any Boy or Girl under 18 years old.

Best 10 Ears of Yellow Dent Corn; 1st prize $3.00 in merchandise; 2d prize $2.00 in merchandise.

For the Largest Pumpkin; $3.00 in merchandise.

All Entries to be shown in my windows October 1st and 2d, 1909.

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113 West Main Street Kalamazoo



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We Carry Representative Lines of Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

We cordially invite you to visit us.

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L. M. PHELPS, Assistant Cashier.
W. L. OTIS, Assistant Cashier.

Kalamazoo National Bank

101 West Main, corner South Burdick Street
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

CAPITAL STOCK, $200,000. **SURPLUS, $105,000.**

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In good bread is health
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We make the Good
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MERRY WIDOW BREAD

We know
how to make good
Bread, that's our business.
We solicit your patronage.

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The Most Complete Stock of
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Ready-to-Wear Garments
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Always up-to-date. *Popular Prices.*
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"Family Bread"
MADE WITH
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Better Than Home Made
10c a loaf, at
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COMSTOCK.

For Clothes to Your Measure
HIGH CLASS
Furnishings and Hats
Don't overlook our store.
CHAS. FRIEDMAN
Arcade Toggery
Burdick House Arcade, Kalamazoo

CLASS PROPHECY

This morning, as, with a friend, whom I am visiting in Chicago, I was strolling through one of the beautiful parks of that great city, I suddenly met a crowd of high school seniors.

This party of young men and women were walking along the street, with bounding steps, and cheerful happy countenances.

The boys were telling funny stories, and now and then the laughter of those happy girls floated out through the fresh morning air.

The classpins, ribbons, caps and above all the books and lunches which they carried, recalled memories of the happy past when I was a schoolgirl, enjoying what now seemed to be the happiest time of my life. I watched them until they turned a corner in the street, and then my companion and myself retreated to the far end of the park, where, amidst lovely blooming flowers and beautiful trees, we sat down for a chat.

"What makes you so thoughtful," she said as I remained silent for several moments.

"I was just thinking of my old carefree schooldays," I remarked. "Just think, it is now in the year 1919, and it has been ten years since we graduated. It doesn't seem possible. And when I met those happy scholars marching to their school this morning, those old times all came rushing back to me. I think I can express some of my thoughts and feelings in the old parody I wrote once at school, if I can only think of it. Oh! yes, I recall it now. It was this:

I remember, I remember
The school where I was taught,
Where all the lads and lasses
Always smiling faces brought.
They never came a wink too soon,
Nor stayed too late to play;
And now I often wish the time
Would take me to that day.

I remember, I remember
The teacher, kind and dear,
The scholars and the classmates,
Those friends of that glad year.
The Latin, when the teacher drew,
The march that Caesar made;
And oh, those current topics,
That fad with us has staid.

I remember, I remember,
The seat I occupied,
And thought the rules much harder.
Than needed us to guide.
But now my spirits long
To go to school again,
And be once more a girl at play
Upon the hill so green.''

''Oh, yes,'' she said, ''I know how you feel for I was once a schoolgirl myself, but have you seen any of them since you graduated''?

''Oh, yes, and if you wish it, I will tell you about them,'' I said.

She remarked, that she would be delighted to listen, so I proceeded.

You'll be interested in Nina Wright, because I think you have met her. The year following her graduation she taught school, and it was rather hard for me to imagine her having a serious face, trying to make her pupils obey the rules. The next two years she spent at the Normal, where she wished to broaden her education. After receiving her life certificate she taught school for a couple of years proving herself a very fitting teacher.

But Nina starting out at an early age to lead a helpful Christian life, and always willing to h lp someone, saw the need of missionaries. So aspiring to dignity and renown, she withdrew from the ranks of eligible young women, and trained herself as a capable companion of distressed souls. And she even

ventured as far as the Fiji Islands one summer, where, on one occasion she barely escaped the savage jaws of a cannibal chief.

But needless to say Nina did carry out her mission in a very helpful manner, while she guided many poor heathen to that kind and heavenly Father of Whom they were ignorant. In this way she was loved by all, and faces lit up with joy and pleasure, when she came to them in her Christian work. The last time I saw Nina was at a Missionary Convention just before she left America for her new work.

I think I told you that about a year ago I went abroad, traveling Europe to some extent, but spending most of my time in France. One day, while walking down the street, I noticed a large millinery store. The place was richly furnished and some dainty hats were displayed in the large windows. Since there were several things that I wished to purchase, I stepped into the store. A lady neatly dressed was sitting by the window reading, but on my entering arose from her chair and said: "Is there something you wish"? How familiar that voice sounds, I thought, and I turned quickly around, but decided that she was no acquaintance of mine. "Yes, I would like to look at some ribbon," I replied to her inquiry. Who could it be, kept running through my mind. Her voice and form looked very natural, but I couldn't imagine who it was. She also watched me rather intently, with a puzzled expression on her face. While I was wondering and selecting goods my eyes met a glistening little pin on her dress which I noticed was our own dear little classpin. At the same time I noticed a ring on her finger which I had seen many times before. Suddenly I realized that the lady waiting on me was no other than Gladys Foley, at least it was her name when I knew her at school. "Why Gladys", I said, in the same tones that we used to use in joking each other ten years ago. Our eyes met a moment and then she recognized me. "Why Ethel, I never expected to see you here," she said. Well we talked and talked, recalling many of the experiences of the happy days we spent together at school and elsewhere.

After going for several weeks to business college Gladys had attended Normal, intending to fit herself for teaching. But peo-

ple's minds are very easily changed, you know, and by the end of the two years Gladys had no intention whatever, of teaching school, for some one dearer in her eyes than all the pupils in the world had changed her mind, and she, instead of teaching readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, was married. Two years after her marriage she went abroad for a pleasure trip, but as we can all remember Gladys had a romantic soul, and it is no wonder that she was captivated by the grandeur of grand old Europe. She admired its Art, and she learned to love the splendor of her morning sun, and the sadness of her closing day. Again it is no wonder that we find her there in a flourishing business, building a neat little home and making plans to pass her days where we least expected to find her. Since Gladys had the art of managing her business to advantage, she prospered and she showed me many inventions in her line of work, which, by the way on my return to New York, I saw generally worn by the ladies, and I could not help contrasting their neatness of outline with the ugly things worn by some people ten years ago.

One morning I hastened through the streets of the greatest American city to get an early train. The dew was still on the flowers in the parks, and the fragrance that filled the air was enough to waft one to slumber. How beautiful was all nature that early morning, as I looked for the last time on the greatness and beauty soon to be left behind.

In the crowded car which was waiting at the station, a gentleman politely asked if he might share the seat with me. I recognized him almost instantly, for some of or friends, there are those youthful countenances time can not change. I made bold to say "Why, don't you remember your class-president of years ago, Mr. Campbell"? "Oh, indeed, I do," he replied.

During the conversation which followed he related to me a few of his adventures of the last ten years. Being very fond of traveling, he spent four years journeying through the South and West. At the end of that time he returned home and engaged in real estate business, and has become noted in his calling. He always had a very pleasing way of making people think the same as he did, which has proven a great help to him in his

business. I remember a remark made by Harry Smith once. He said, "Merle Campbell can make one think that the moon is made of green cheese." He is prospering, and I am glad.

Persons whose hearts are right, never tire of learning of the successes of their youthful friends, but how their adverse circumstances pain them.

I am reminded by the hot summer weather that it is the time of the year when most people take their vacations, and my mind wanders back to the cool creeks and ponds, and locust shade of old Comstock. Having a business engagement in the city of Kalamazoo, I determined to visit once more the scenes of my school days.

One splendid evening I found myself at the interurban depot, waiting for a car to carry me out to the thriving suburb. I was pleased to note that the car was very fine, one much in contrast with the square wheeled rickety old cars used years ago. It seemed that the air was never so balmy and that the moon never shone so beautifully as it did when I left the car at the station which had been built near the bridge. I looked around, new sights met my eyes, new sidewalks, new lights, many buildings, and homes surrounded by fine lawns.

I found my way to a fine new hotel, where I thought I would rest. From my room I looked toward the school house and my thoughts can better be imagined than described. But what a change, the orchard in front looked so queer. I looked again, the old fences are all gone, yes there is something that looks like a fountain. I can hear its spray, dripping back into the pool below; and what is that other object directly under that great arc lamp? It reads, Baldwins Park, presented to Comstock school by W. W. Baldwin and wife—1910.

It was a very pleasant season, the week I spent there renewing acqaintances and visiting old haunts. Reception after reception was given for various persons. At one of these functions my attention was attracted by a laugh which I had heard before—long years ago—I turned only to meet the gaze of our friend Glenn Woodhouse. Glenn has gone up the ladder of usefulness. A broad education equips him for the duties of an engineer of fame. Now his energies are being spent on elec-

trical novelties. After the completion of his education, his sweet little dreams of boyhood days had really come to pass, and Glenn was married. He was still living in the place, in which he had grown from childhood to manhood, and now he owned a beautiful house in which were held many church and charitable meetings. Glenn is a great worker in the church, being superintendent of the Sunday School, and taking an active part in every means of advancing his community. He is also a warm supporter of base ball and serves chicken pie to the High School team each year.

One morning glancing over the paper, I saw in large headlines on the first page the following—"Two remarkable discoveries made,—The Inventor Ray Stowell." I was interested since Ray had been a classmate of mine. I was not surprised in the least, since he was always doing something of the sort, and was never happier than when in the laboratory, working among the chemicals and the various other forms of apparatus belonging to that department. He was always sure of having his lesson in Physics class and could explain things and understand them better than we girls. His first machine was of a very handy sort by pressing the button on one side you had a self developing kodak, press one on the other side and you had a rapid transit car, and finally by sliding a lever to one side you had a combination telephone, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy outfit. Secondly since Ray knew of the many temptations and trials he had experienced at school he very kindly made an elixer, which was warranted to cure all high school diseases, such as laziness, tardiness, skipping school, envy, jealousy, girl craze, man craze, or any of the thousand ills met with every day on the high school campus. Of course the public was very thankful for his thoughtfulness and rewarded him as he should have been. He was also the owner of a large manufacturing plant, and was prospering as only men of Ray's type can. He very seldom had trouble, as he always practiced that old maxim, which he was always reminding us of at school, "Don't let your angry passions rise."

I only met him at the depot, as I was about to leave for my home in Cuba. When I am back in that most beautiful

land eyes ever beheld, I shall think more about him. Ray was the only sober one of our class, yet, full of honest fun.

When I go to my home once more I shall love my classmates more than ever, and in the soft sad twilight of the southern sea I shall recall one after another the genial faces of those who have helped to make me what I am.

ETHEL FRIE.





Base Ball Team

ATHLETICS

Baseball as it is and Has Been.

During the first year of the consolidation of the Comstock High School, a new phase of school life began for the scholars. After looking over the material of the school, it was decided to compete with other schools of the County, in athletics.

A baseball team was organized with Raymond Warren as captain. A thorough training under one so well fitted for the work, and who strove even after defeat was inevitable, to yet bring glory to our school, was very valuable, even though it did not bring the wished for results. Nobly we fought our battles, but all to no avail. If luck is ever in ball games, it was always with our opponents. Our school did not take the interest in the games that they should have taken. However, our supporters,

though few, were nevertheless, loyal. We accepted defeat as those defeated should, and all silently vowed we would "show" our opponents next year.

The Spring of 1908, opened with Gleason Allen second baseman, and captain of our baseball squad. Harry Smith, our six-foot-three first sacker, fresh from the farm, but well seasoned, always excited considerable admiration, for his "tall" playing around the initial sack. With Peer on third, and Woodhouse playing his same old position at short, and the outer garden well covered by H. Hoyt, D. Hoyt and R. Dingman, our chances for a winning team looked very good.

But our battery must not be overlooked. This most essential part of a team was well filled by R. Warren, the noted slab artist, who was also our chief ball tosser. Warren was a local find, and considered the best twirler of the County. Rex Nutten acted as catcher, and did great backstop work. Our team, so well piloted by the able Mr. Allen, won two of the four games played. Of course we expected to win more, but both of the other games were lost by costly errors. We also thought the same hard luck was yet lingering around the outskirts of victory.

The present Spring of 1909 opened with a number of enthusiastic boys striving for positions on the team. Glenn Woodhouse was chosen captain and the duty fell to him to select the nine best players, and to decide their respective positions. On April 10th, the team journeyed to Plainwell to play their first game. This game was lost along with several others that followed. Prospects began to look doubtful for the team, but on that memorable 5th day of May, after a long struggle, we won from Galesburg. At last we felt our bad luck streak broken. With plenty of rooters who did much to aid us to claim victory, we won the northern half of the County championship, and had the honor of playing Field Day.

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Comstock M. E. Church

Calendar of the Comstock M. E. Church

Sunday Services

Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.

Young People's Union at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m., Thursday evening.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF YOUTH

That the young people of to-day are becoming more and more prominent in the many important fields of usefulness, none can deny. There are young people from every community who, after finishing their education, have assumed important and trustworthy positions. In these positions they have performed their duties so well that they have been advanced to much higher positions, and have come to be well known and respected in public life. These are the young people the world is looking for, because they have the ambition and power to rise to the very top of the ladder of success.

Youth is a time of special opportunity, for in these days of great schools, one has a chance to gain a superior education, if he will, by working his way through school, if it is necessary. The world is looking for the young person of superior training rather than for the older person with the long experience, for it knows that in a short time, with the added experience, the young person's services will be worth much more.

Moreover, young people are usually endowed with good health and vigor, to such an extent that it is possible for them to work hard and enjoy their labor; while their enthusiasm and hope enables them to look on the bright side of everything in a manner that makes all things seem possible, and although they do not accomplish the end they first sought, they accomplish so much that they deserve a great deal of credit. When such young people start out into the world, they have set their ideals so high that they are not to be lowered by the temptations which come especially to the young, for they are determined not to accept anything other than their highest ideals. Neither are their ideals to be lowered by the temptations which tend to spoil a person's character, for they know that if they yield to temptations, their ideals will fall, and they themselves will fall and fail in life.

This time of youthful opportunity is a time of responsibility, for the young person is responsible to himself whether he

gets an education, or not, as well as for the kind of an education it is. He must train patiently and thoroughly under present leaders and instructors, for an intelligent and faithful service to the world in future years. He should try to develop and enlarge upon the lines of work already established, with a view to taking up a more complicated and higher class of work, and as fast as it is expedient, he should take up new lines of work which he can easily carry on with his present training. If the person be popular, he should use his popularity for purely helpful and unselfish motives.

Last of all, however, each young person should determine what his particular vocation in life should be. This is often a very hard task, and not easily decided, for there are so many occupations which appear very acceptable, but, should the person engage in some occupation simply because some friend advised it, or because it was not very hard, he would probably be very much dissatisfied in the end. Perhaps one of the best ways to determine what one shall do, is to ask one's self this question, "In what way may I do the most for those who surround me, and at the same time be content with myself?"

When this has been answered, the person should set about to train and cultivate himself in the lines of work he intends to follow in order that he may make the best use of his gift, later in life. When he does start out to win his way, he should promote and use his gift to the best possible advantage to himself and to those who surround him in business and society.

In closing, I wish to say to the class who graduate to-night, and the classes who are to graduate in the future, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

MERLE J. CAMPBELL.

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CLASS POEM

In the little town of Comstock,
In the schoolhouse on the hill,
Where the banners float so proudly,
And each class works with a will;
There these '09 Senior classmates
Have been treading Wisdom's sands,
Have been storing minds with knowledge,
Have been helped by willing hands.

In the state of North Dakota,
In the little town of Page,
Our class-president Miss Ethel
Began her schoolday's golden age;
But she left that town behind her
As she journeyed to our state,
And a sophomore any kinder
Could not join the classes fate.

She has toiled and worked among us
For these three years all so short,
She has helped to lighten burdens,
She has joined in all our sport;
When at last our ways are parted,
And we tread the path of life,
She'll be ever noble-hearted
'Midst the struggle and the strife.

Away in Portage township
On a little golden farm,
There was found our friend Miss Foley,
With her big heart true and warm;
When she left that early dwelling
With its scenes and memories fine,
We hear her all her lessons telling
In Comstock's district number nine.

When all the neighboring districts
In '06 were joined in one,
We see Miss Foley coming
To swell the classes merry fun;
Tho' she's made the time fly faster
With her laughter and her smile,
She has never shirked her duties,
She's been busy all the while.

Mr. Woodhouse at the chart-class
Started to the Comstock school,
Bravely fighting all his battles
'Till he gained the eighth grade's roll;
Then to Galesburg's school desiring,
Traveled through the Freshman year,
But the next year, he, returning,
Joined our Sophomore band so dear.

He has lead in our athletics,
Bravely striving to be best,
But not giving up when beaten,
Renews the fight with double zest;
He will win in life's great battles,
Although driven to and fro,
He'll be ever good and honest
And be cheered where e'er he'll go.

On a farm in Southern Comstock
'Midst its fields of shining grain,
There was born and bred Ray Stowell,
There commenced his mind to train;
'Cross the road to district fifteen
Gayly trudged he day by day,
From the eighth grade graduating,
To Parson's College took his way.

There he worked for one year only,
Bravely working with a will,
Then his steps to Comstock turning
To our school-house on the hill;
These three years he's spent among us
Have not been wasted just in play,
But he's worked as hard as any,
With his books from day to day.

In a school of Richland township,
In the district number eight,
Through the eighth grade went Merle Campbell,
Overcoming lessons great;
Then his steps to Galesburg turning,
Through his lessons traveled fast,
Through the ninth and tenth grades going,
'Till his Junior year was past.

Then he left the Galesburg High School
And he came to finish here,
And we welcomed him most gladly
To our Senior band so dear;
He has been our faithful helper
And in fun he's held the lead,
Now we all shall miss him sorely
As we do all friends indeed.

Last of all among these Seniors
Is myself, as you can see,
Lived and played in dear old Comstock,
In the town so dear to me;
The only one among the number
Who to Comstock's school has gone
From the chart-class to the twelfth grade,
Treading learning's pathway long.

In this glad and happy springtime
As I part from out these doors,
I shall miss my happy classmates
Brooding there their lessons o'er;
I shall miss the joyful shouting
Coming from the playground near,
I shall miss the games of tennis
We've enjoyed so much this year.

Yes,—Oh, yes,—We all are Seniors
Of this school to us so dear,
And our seats will all be vacant
At the beginning of next year;
Other boys and girls will gather
In the chapel hours we love
There to sing and ask for blessings
From our Father up above.

But our lives in yonder future
Shall be guided through all strife
By our Father who hath kept us,
And will lead us through this life;
Though our ways will soon be parted,
All true friends we'll ever be,
Till at last we're joined in Heaven
After crossing Life's broad sea.

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SCHOOL JOKES

How many have ever noticed there are no stripes on a flagstone, but when you fell real hard on it you saw stars.

* * * * *

One morning as Mr. Nutten was talking to the Geometry class, a knock was heard at the door. After answering it he returned and asked, "What was I talking about?"

Mr. E. Chenery—"About forty-five minutes."

* * * * *

Here are some remarks made by the bright pupils of Comstock.

Algebra was the wife of Euclid.

A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs.

Switzerland is a wonderful place, you can often see the mountains towering among the clouds.

Pro and con are prefixes of opposite meaning e. g., progress and congress.

Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she was a stout Protestant.

* * * * *

Mrs. Batch's patience was much tried by her servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said—"Katie, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Katie, "Faith an' I opened it."

VALEDICTORY

"For Life, Not For School, We Learn."

Looking back over the vast expanse of time that separates us from what we as a Nation have been, when our forefathers began in their crude way to lay the foundation upon which our Nation of to-day is based, we see the people as a thrifty, intelligent class, ever striving for a livelihood.

There was no station, no occupation in their lives that would cause a separation between one family and another. Immigrants from the old world to the new, unopened country, had to live in the simplest manner. From the animals they obtained food; from the few sheep they brought with them, the wool was gathered and spun into yarn, and the yarn made into garments.

After the frontiersman had his cabin built, almost the first task was the cutting, burning and destroying of the great American forest. When only a small tract of land was cleared, seeds were sown. Owing to the fertility of such soil, the crops grew with remarkable rapidity. Gradually, year after year, nature's products receded before the pioneer's ax. Until recently, no step has been taken to prevent the slaughter of the forest.

At the time when the first settlers entered this country, the civilization of one of the most barbarous tribes commenced. Wars with the Indians were very frequent, and extremely costly, but the pioneers met them half way, and won the long struggle for supremacy. In a short time, the population of only a few hundred, and covering a very small area, in comparison with the three and one-half million square miles of the present time, became, about the time of the Revolutionary War, one million, eight hundred thousand souls.

Commerce in the Colonies was carried on chiefly with stage coaches and sailing vessels. The infrequency of the winds, and the light wooden crafts used for commercial purposes, was a great defect in the system. The invention, in 1807 of the steam-

ship by Robert Fulton, and Peter Cooper's invention, in 1830 of the locomotive, opened a new phase of commercialism.

Since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, America's progress has been rapid. Those to whom we have entrusted the welfare of our Nation have admirably performed their duties. Political questions that have necessitated their best judgment, have been well disposed of, and we, as citizens of the United States, are proud to say her course through time has not been altered; we are yet a free, independent nation, so strong that we can defy the strongest rival.

How smoothly she travels to-day; how well her course is marked; how many great and learned men we have giving their time, lives and energies, with shoulders to the wheel, and with that blessed gift of indomitable courage, to the working of this Nation. We do not see them as they will be seen in the future. We look upon our forefathers as noble, ingenious and learned, but what of our fathers, are they not greater than our forefathers? In that time to come, will their names not be proclaimed by thousands in joyous remembrance?

With such men at the head of our government, we could expect nothing else but a progressive nation. To-day, we have the remnant of that barbarous tribe of Indians, nearly civilized. We find them in our public schools; we find them following honest professions in life. How much better is this to us than the old life of destruction and devastation!

Since the Emancipation Proclamation, and the enfranchisement of a dusky race, institutions of learning have been organized so that the Negroes' advantages are nearly the same as those of the white people.

Before us we see that great plain of civilization, not as a barren waste, with no step taken toward advancement, but a well cultured, Americanized people, who are banding together to do the most good for our country. Each day, some new idea is formed; some steps taken in our ranks to eliminate the bad elements, and to formulate new ones. We have seen how well this is done, and how we are developing into a much better, purer, Americanized people. If this progress continues, our country will be quite without a blemish at no very far distant

time. How gladly we hail the thought of such a perfect Nation, the one model of the world!

What is the source of this progressiveness? Why should we, a new country, be the leaders of the world? It is because we have a firm ideal for our principles, and to these principles, our people are loyal. We have tested them, and the results have given ample proof that the people are satisfied with the present conditions of the government.

Delving deep down into history, we find these principles gaining foothold. Men of high ideals have said that we should have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Those who proclaimed these glorious principles were strong in their belief that it would be better to give the people a voice in the government, to give the system a trial. Time alone would tell whether or not this entirely new idea would prove to be folly or wisdom.

Not one to-day can dispute the wisdom of democracy. Even this is not the real source of progressiveness. Rather, it is the facilities this country has for the betterment, development, and the enlightenment of its peoples. It is the many institutions of learning that are found all over the country that serve to inculcate in the minds of their pupils, a higher, a nobler spirit.

How much better it would be if the boys and girls in our factories and shops were in our public schools, pursuing some definite plan of life, instead of being housed up in some dingy little space thinking only of the mercenary side of life. To-day, the child's opportunity is the very best. Children born of good parents are surrounded by good influences. Their home education is a good basis for a more perfect develepment. Extra stress should be laid on the home education of children. If there is a point in their lives that requires thorough, well-disciplined education, it is in the home. Years are spent in the training of a child, and opportunity given them to develop a talent for some particular work. When their vocations are decided, there are facilities to aid in a more complete developement of their talents. When the real school life is over, and we enter into our chosen professions, it is then we realize the good of the best

education obtainable. We now see why it is necessary for a complete education. Our learning must be for life.

Friends, teachers, classmates, we meet here to-night as the second graduating class of the Comstock High School. We are proud of that distinction. We hope to-night that our well intended efforts have not been in vain. We wish to express our gratitude, dear friends and teachers, for what you have done toward our success. We are before you to-night as a class; to-morrow our class is no more. The one thread that binds us together will be severed. Some will enter at once into life's duties, others enter higher institutions of learning. Classmates, wherever we go, whether it be to other institutions of learning, or directly into the great whirlpool of life, let us ever keep our motto foremost in our minds, and ever say that it is "For Life, not for School, We Learn."

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Class of '11



Class of '12

CLASS OF '11

President—Wilson Cleland

Secretary—Essica Chenery

Treasurer—Bernice Gaskill

Pauline Hale — Bernice Goodrich

Floyd Early — Floyd Foley

George Frie — Don Goodrich

D. Cleland

CLASS OF '12

President—Ruth Warren

Secretary—William Slager

Treasurer—Elizabeth Allen

Gertrude Mason — Mabel Leenhouts

Lelah Crooks — Beulah Clark

Harold Kent

SCHOOL JOKES

These jokes have been inspected by the Senior Class of '09 of the Comstock High School and are guaranteed under The Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

The first one is a sure kure for pour apitites.

At the reception given on Washington's Birthday in honor of the Seniors, they served chop suey and as it had a pleasant effect on everyone, the Seniors wondered how it was made. So Mr. Woodhouse asked Miss Simmons, the chief cook, to explain, and thus she began:—

"First one of the Freshies caught a very young chicken."

"Oh! Indeed."

"And he locked that chicken up in a pasteurized coop."

"You don't say?"

"And he set a trusty dog to watch over the coop."

"How interesting!"

"And he fed the chicken on milk, infant mushroons, iced tea, and sweet pickles."

"Oh! how very curious."

"And presently the chicken's wings began to sprout."

"Yes."

"And the dog went to sleep."

"Indeed."

"And the chicken pecked a hole in the pasteurized coop and flew away."

"Oh, dear me!"

"And when the Freshman appeared, saw what had happened, he flew into a teriffic rage, grabbed the dog, made mince meat out of him and served him at the reception as chop suey, and has started all over again with another very young chicken to serve at the next Senior reception."

"But, I say,—doesn't, don't —"

But he got no further for Miss Simmons had disappeared.

* * * * *

A singer doesn't weigh his words on the musical scale.

Answers to health and beauty questions:

Lucile S.—To reduce flesh, increase your troubles.

H. Smith.—To remove freckles, pry them out gently with a pitch-fork. Should this fail try blasting.

E. Pease.—If you are troubled with a "running nose" securely tie it to the fence and then sit down at a distance and watch it.

Mabel W.—I am sorry to hear you are troubled with falling hair. It may be avoided by stepping nimbly aside when you see it coming your way.

M. Campbell.—The "drooping lash" with which you are affected may be encouraged by sitting up late nights.

Yelta B.—If blushing bothers you I advise you to make faces at every girl you meet. After a few trials you will probably get over this embarrassing habit.

Clell P.—If chewing gum makes your jaws tired you had better let one of the teachers chew it for you.

* * * * *

N. B. By sending twenty-five (25) cents to the editor (G. Foley) information may be had at any time concerning your health, beauty or love affairs. Each case is tried before recommended.

* * * * *

Did you notice the neckwear the Senior boys are wearing. It is so loud that you can hear it in the next block.

* * * * *

One of our stout students said to a little boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?"

Little Boy—"I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

* * * * *

Law of Physics—The excellence of the behavior of all pupils varies universally with the distance of the teacher's desk from the pupils.

* * * * *

Sevey—"What are the three most common words used in High School?"

Harold—"I don't know."

Sevey—"You guessed it exactly."

To succeed in anything one must be sincere in it, if it only be putting up a bluff or argument.—G. Foley, G. Woodhouse.

* * * * *

Comstock High School is noted far and wide for its brill'-ant composition classes, but more especially the Junior Class. Their teacher, one day, asked each one to bring to class an original essay. Being so proud of the work they were doing the teacher handed me the following essay, written by the best in the class, to be published:—

"The hawse is a nise animule. It has 4 legs, wun on each corner. He is longer than he is thick and on one end he has a tail and on the other a head. He is different from an elefant for it has a tale on both ends. My hawse came from arabia and is a Texas pony. There are many kinds of hawses—chesnut hawses, hawse chesnuts, sorrel hawses, hawse radish, poneys (2 kinds), colts and colt revolvers, hawse pistols and night mares."

* * * * *

Teacher—"How do you know that Caesar had an Irish sweetheart?"

Sophomore (innocently)—"Why he went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget."

* * * * *

Some of us have slim chances, but Mabels Chan-ce isn't like ours.

* * * * *

Examination questions.

1. Name three couples in the High School and state opinions as to who will break up first; give cause or causes.

2. Trace and make diagram of Raymonds (W)right of way.

3. Give reasons of the moving of the Seniors seats.

4. From 20 per cent of the Senior brains take 50 per cent of the sum of the Junior and Sophomore brains and you will have the amount of Freshman brains.

5. If Merle has lost three hours of sleep in his Geometry will he find them in circles or cones? Give reasons.

6. Why does everyone look up to Smithy?

7. Who was toed ashore in a sea of love and delight?

Please hand your papers in before you go home.

Mr. Nutten is always going round with a thread tied about his little finger, and one day when questioned as to the reason, he replied, "Oh, that's just to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember."

* * * * *

Miss Simmons is always talking about making new-year resolutions, but I should think she would patch up some of her old ones.

* * * * *

"Why is Miss Sevey wearing black?"
"She is in mourning for her husband."
"Why, she never had a husband!"
"No, that is why she mourns."

* * * * *

The next time you hide that five dollar bill in the dictionary and then can't find it look in the V's.

* * * * *

"This liver is awful, Berth", said Mr. Newlywed.
"I'm very sorry," returned the bride. "I'll tell the cook to speak to the liveryman about it."

* * * * *

Miss Allen, on being asked what a strait is, replied, "It's a neck running out to sea (see) or in other words a rubberneck."

* * * * *

It has been prophecied that Merle Campbell will be a diamond cutter because he cuts the grass on the baseball diamond.

* * * * *

"Why is a dentist a society chap?"
"Because he attends lots of swell gatherings."

* * * * *

When you see pupils in a persons eye you know he is a teacher.

* * * * *

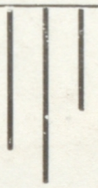
Some people are like rivers because the biggest part of them is mouth.

* * * * *

I wonder why George Frie is always singing "Beulah Land"?



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